Complaint of the Poor, on ſtopping the Counterfeit-Halfpence

A new SONG,

O Sad's the news, they do refuſe
King George the Third his braſs man,
Upon my life, it has bred ſtriſe,
Since they'll not let them paſs, man;
Tea trading's dead, poor cann't get bread,
Goods lie upon their hand, man,
Their empty purſe, it makes them curſe,
Since there is no demand, man.

We wiſh them hang'd who firſt began
T' encourage this braſs to go man
For great's the loſs, they are as droſs
We've little elſe to ſhow man,
We plenty have, yet cannot ſave
Our lives, when in great need, man,
For they do huff, and ſet us off,
When buying fleſh or bread, man.

Merchants had ſtore, and bought up more,
Then gave them all for gold, man,
And a long trade of this they've made,
Their braſs they often ſold, man;
To ſtewards and to Gentleman,
To pay their lab'rour's wage, man,
When broughe about to be found out
It put them in a rage, man.

Two ſhillings more, they gave therefore,
Each guinea for to change, man,
Until they got them from their ſhops
Which ſome would fain revenge, man;
Then after all, they ſent the bell
To ſtop them for to paſs, man,
There's no relief, it caus'd much grief,
The poor came of with loſs, man.

We'll not ſay much, yet ſome is rich,
By ways they take to cheat, man,
It's to be fear'd their conſcience ſear'd
For they the poor do hate, man,
With ſuperfine Cloaths they do ſhine,
And powder'd hair alſo, man.
Like Gentleman with good eſtates,
A figure they do ſhew, man.

They plan'd a Scheme, which was a ſhame,
The half-pence they muſt weigh, man,
This ſtood not long, they ſaw it wrong,
Another ſcheme they try man,
They've made a law without a flaw,
Old braſs they'll only take man,
And this will ſtand till they command,
A new law for to make, man.

They take their eaſe and do's the pleaſe,
And ſtarve the poor to dead, man,
About they ſtroul, without controul,
The poor they do not heed man,
O lak-a-day O well-a-day,
We will be ruin'd now, man,
Our money's done and credit's gone,
And friends we have but few, man.

True to our king while he doth reign,
We do indent to be, man,
He's not the cauſe of theſe bad laws,
Which we at preſent ſee, man,
Now to conclude, we wiſh for good
To come on King and State man,
Confuſion unto theſe men
King George the Third his braſs man.

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